



[www.Myspace.com/helladubc](http://www.Myspace.com/helladubc)

You know what is hella dumb? Paying rent! I really don't get why people do it all the time. Paying someone money to live somewhere that is otherwise being unused? Come on, being able to live should be a right not a privilege that is paid for. The saddest part of this whole paying-rent mess is that it is so easy to not pay rent! There are plenty of abandoned buildings to break into and turn into a living place. There are tons of open space and woods to set up a permanent camp site at. Worst of all though, most people have parents who they could live with. I truly don't understand the idea that people are somehow adults or independent if they are dumb enough to go live on their own. I like my pops, we get along well, and he likes me. Why would I not want to live with him? In my mind paying rent is like paying for air and water. Completely ridiculous.

Proof  
Christians do not  
exist: Hitchhiking is  
hard. As if Jesus  
would hesitate to  
pick me up!



of a  
925  
zine  
now even less  
quality!

They  
only  
knew

Save a tree, share this shitty zine with others, give it to a stranger on the bus. Maybe they will read it and then pass it on. The less time people spend on the internet or TV the better.



# Sorry My zine Hella Rules!

Issue #3, that you hold  
in your hand was made  
in a few hours time while  
listening to I Object, Shalvey  
Bones, looptroop and edith  
pfa. up the punk. send me  
letters! Diy or Die!

Disclaimer: We at Off the Pigs Productions would like to make one thing perfectly clear. We are not against pigs! In fact, we are pro-pig and do not engage in supporting the pork, or any other meat industry. However, we hold a certain respect for the Black Panther Party for Self Defense, and we have a high respect for history, and therefore attempt to keep alive the tradition of calling officers of the law 'pigs'. We would just as well call them 'dogs' 'pigeons' or 'gerbils', however these terms do not have the same history behind them, and our intent may be misunderstood. We would like to broaden our vocabulary though, and so are encouraging our faithful followers to engage in the following contest.

Whoever researches and finds the best foreign slogan that equates to the American "off the pigs" will receive the most amazing mix tape ever. Now, we do not wish to hear literal translations of "off the pigs", instead we wish to know what similar phrases other cultures and languages use to show their anger at the law. For example, in Polish, police are called dogs, but more common is the phrase "chuj w dupie policji" or CHWDP for short. This literally means "fuck in the ass of the police".

We are especially interested in Arabic and French phrases, but any foreign language will be welcome. Email all entries to [tipers\\_whore@yahoo.com](mailto:tipers_whore@yahoo.com)

While not condemning unoriginality, we should spend no time on it.  
Disregard this zine.



Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
I like to burn stuff

Sorry if the copy  
machine cut off my text

The following, while based on a real situation is pure fiction:

In the last year or so Nut Creek has been hit with a wave of graffiti. It has become such a problem that it made the news and city leaders have had meetings to discuss it. Being the investigative reporters that we, Off The Pigs Productions™ are, we were able to obtain an interview with three members of a highly influential Nut Creek based graffiti crew. After being blind folded, driven around for 3 hours and finally brought to the secret underground cave which these graffiti vandals call home-base we began the interview.



Off The Pigs Productions (OTPP): So, Um, what should I call you guys? Introduce yourselves.

Vandal#1: what do the questions pertain to?  
OTPP: (Graffiti) Writing.

Vandal#1: Just put three anonymous graffiti vandal.

OTPP: OK, so Nut Creek is obviously not the kind of place you normally see graffiti. So, uh, how did it start? Who? Why?

Vandal#1: I started 'cause anonymous vandal#2 started painting with all his buddies and I noticed it 'cause they were getting up.

Vandal#2: I was kicking down markers to this guy, that I would steal. Generally sharpie poster paint pens, rest their soul, they should be burning in hell.

Vandal#1: And I was doing political stuff at the time, but I realized an entire sentence takes much longer than just a name and the name, the action itself is a political statement to a degree, you know, monetary damage.

Vandal#2: I just wanna be the sickest bomber!

::laughter::

Vandal#1: that's a good answer.

Vandal#2: Naw, I just like painting

OTPP: for the adrenalin? Or...

Vandal#2: fun.

Vandal#1: for fun.

thunder

11

OTPP: what's it like writing in Nut Creek?

Vandal#1: scary.

Vandal#2: scary.

Vandal#1: scary.

Vandal#3: me too, scary.

OTPP: you guys have any ideas what the average Nut Creek citizen's reaction would be, or is?

Vandal#2: gangs and black people.

::laughter::

Vandal#1: gangs... that's a funny answer. gangs and probably the more, you know, snobby intellectual people probably see it as urban decay. It's a sign that they lost control... which is a good thing.

OTPP: do you have any comments on being a girl in such a male dominated subculture, if you will?

Vandal#3: it's different, cause you notice it is referred to as more masculine. You know, people see a piece up and automatically say 'oh he's good,' 'oh, this guy is a bomber,' 'this guy is fresh, he's up all the time.'

Vandal#1: but he could be a she.

Vandal#3: and the reactions you get when they see a girl doing it is always surprise, you know?

Vandal#1: like today?

Vandal#3: yeah.

Vandal#1: those kids came and they were like "is that your girl?" I'm like "yeah, she's better than I am, you should go check her stuff out."

Vandal#3: but it's really empowering for a girl to do something that so many guys do. Cause it's like, you stand out more. Not that I'm saying it's better to be a girl, but it's just empowering 'cause people don't expect that.

Vandal#2: and people go writing in sketchy spots, too, and if I were a girl writer, I would definitely not be in some of the places I've gone to.

Vandal#3: it's true, like I don't think I'd go out late at night to bomb by myself.

Vandal#1: yeah, that makes a big difference. But I think if you carried a weapon or something, it might not be so bad. Because if a guy sees a girl walking alone at night he assumes maybe she's going home, definitely not that she's writing. They see someone who looks like me and...

Vandal#3: yeah, you don't expect a cop to pull over a girl and say "you've been out painting tonight!"

Vandal#2: it's more like "you've been out boning tonight?"

::laughter::

Vandal#2: ok, we're getting off topic.

Vandal#1: are there anymore questions?

OTPP: I dunno, are there anymore thoughts on that question?

Vandal#1: that's all her (pointing at Vandal#3).

OTPP: do the guys, the other painters, treat you differently than each other?

Vandal#3: I've noticed there are things, like when we ran into one guy who wasn't a part of our crew and he was talking to Vandal#1 about it like "she actually does that?" mostly shocked. But I think painting with friends, it is a little different, I've noticed the guys won't compliment me as



much as they do each other. Or say things like "maybe you should do this, or maybe you should do that," they mostly do that with each other.

Vandal#1: I think more so in that situation with that guy, he would ask me to talk to you, about your painting. And I was like "well, why don't you talk to her?"

OTPP: two more questions. Is it art or vandalism?

Vandal#1: it's vandalism. Well, it's artistic vandalism.

Vandal#2: well, see, straight up, I'll steal a quote from Piece by Piece (graffiti documentary) vandalism is the art of throwing a rock through a window. But graffiti is the art of changing the color of a wall to say a message that you want it to say. That's not the exact quote, but it's something like that.

**Vandal#1:** I think it depends where you do it. Because that's the context. Because if you do it on your own property, it's considered art, people do it all the time in their own house. But you do it on someone else's property and then it's considered vandalism; Public, private or whatever.

**Vandal#2:** then what about if you're doing it under a bridge where no one ever goes?

**Vandal#3:** I usually think it's both.

**Vandal#2:** it's creative...

**Vandal#3:** yeah, well, someone is creating something and it's also a form of self expression. Even if you're just writing, you know, just writing a statement, it's kind of like poetry. Vandalism poetry.

**Vandal#1:** yeah, I definitely don't do it because I paint on canvas. Like I've never been into color combinations and three dimensional things, and where the sun is coming from, and point of perspective, I never gave a shit about that. But I realized you can really piss a lot of people off, who own a lot of stuff that I don't have, really badly, by bombing. And then I got into it. well, I can make something look really shitty and destroy their stuff, or I can make something look really good and destroy their stuff, and then it becomes a personal thing. The artistic value is personal. The vandalism is just for the sake of doing it. I mean everyone who bombs, knows that they're vandalizing shit, otherwise they would do it in the middle of the daytime. It's a conscious thing, it's just the personal is the artistic part. Do you want people to see your stuff and be like "that's tight" or "man, that's ugly, but he fucked that building up," yaddadamean? So yeah, it's both.

**J&P:** ok, last question. Anyone start peeing the bed yet? (due to breathing in paint fumes)

**J&P:** laughter::

**Vandal#3:** I've thought about peeing the bed!

**Vandal#1:** I dreamt of peeing the bed and I was like "fuck!" then I was like "wait a second, I'm cool."

**Vandal#2:** I work up in the morning one day and peed the bed. I was like "hey mom, you got to go get some plastic sheets now!"

**J&P:** laughter::

**OTTP:** you know you're a true writer now, right?

**Vandal#1:** that's where your toy level disappears.

**Vandal#2:** you know you're the king when you've peed the bed.

**Vandal#1:** the king pees his bed.

**OTTP:** any last words? Shout outs?

**Vandal#1:** free the mizer!

**Vandal#2:** free the mizer!

**Vandal#1:** kill a cop, get a free t-shirt from me.

The following, while based on a real situation is pure fiction:

Since we here are Off The Pigs Productions™ are a no-spin, fair and balanced publication, we thought it would only be fair to interview a Nut Creek police officer about graffiti and other topics. We stopped by the local doughnut shop where we met Officer Friendly, who was slightly annoyed at having to answer our questions. Replying required him to not have a mouthful of doughnuts. Bummer, Pig!

**OTTP:** so uh, normally I call you fascist-pig-scum protector-of-capitalism oppressor-of -the people and all-around-shithead. What should I call you for this interview?

**Officer Friendly:** ::coughs as he chokes on his doughnut:: you can call me Sir.

**OTTP:** ok, pig, why are you a cop?

**Officer Friendly:** I want to protect the property of the rich, and more importantly, it makes me feel like a real man to fuck with kids who ride bicycles in Nut Creek. And I was too fat to pass the physical to get into the military.

**OTTP:** do you think the uniform makes you look better? They say blue is a slender color.

**Officer Friendly:** I still don't have a girlfriend, but they gave me a gun...

**OTTP:** what is it like being a pig in Nut Creek?

**Officer Friendly:** scary! There are so many bad people here! Sometimes they jaywalk, and other times they give me dirty looks, and sometimes the high school kids call me officer fatty! I think they might have guns. I saw a special on the oxygen channel on TV about how high school kids carry guns now.

**OTTP:** do you think the average Nut Creek citizen think you are doing a good job?

**Officer Friendly:** I help keep people of color and poor people out of our town. The people of Nut Creek realize how much safer they are without these scumbags in our beautiful town. sometimes though, I wish there were black people in Nut Creek. Then I could finally shoot someone!

**OTTP:** what do you think about female pigs?

**Officer Friendly:** They annoy me. Some of them try to get me to switch to a better diet. They tell me to only eat plain doughnuts, not glazed!! Also, that one lesbian officer gets more action than I do. I thought the uniform was supposed to help my love life!

**OTTP:** would you rather protect or serve?

**Officer Friendly:** I like to be on the bottom....

**OTTP:** do you wet the bed?

**Officer Friendly:** only when I have nightmares of scary graffiti writers or high schoolers. I heard they carry guns!

**OTTP:** any last words?

**Officer Friendly:** I'm a 6<sup>th</sup> level chief orc wizard in world of warcraft!

We here at Off the Pigs Productions have a somewhat unofficial anti-how-to policy. We are generally against putting how-to information in our publications. This is due to our strong belief that most people are unoriginal and lame, and have no idea how to figure things out on their own. By giving them information on how to do cool and exciting things, all we would be doing is bringing lame and uncreative people into our scene and exposing them to our hobbies. Worst of all, these people would then go around bragging how "amazing" they are. These how-to guides would also present the risk of idiots starting to do the things we do, and ruining them for us. We are talking about the kinds of people who read about dumpster diving and then go and make a huge mess in all our favorite dumpsters, getting them shut down. These are the people who read about riding freight trains, and get their legs chopped off, increasing security on the rails. These are the people who read about building a squat, and then, after building their own, make sure to get interviewed by the mainstream media, letting the world know how "amazing" they are for being squatters. People who can't figure things out on their own should stay home and watch TV. If your goal is to live rent free, do it. It ain't hard. Find somewhere to live, and live there. Plenty of homeless people do it all the time. If your goal, however is to be an "amazing" squatter, who is romantic and adventurous because he/she is not paying rent, don't bother. You are a boring person who only cares about their social status. Go read a fashion magazine and hang out in a bar in San Francisco.

But, we here at Off the Pigs Productions do not always focus on the negative. While we are against how-to information in zines, we are pro-punk rock. One aspect we appreciate in punk rock is people making and decorating their own clothes. However, it seems not many people in the bay area are into screen printing, and therefore there is a lack of patches being traded around at shows and other events. We here at the Off the Pigs Productions empire would love to start our own line of anarcho-punk patches, however, we lack the time and equipment to do so at the moment. We will however print a how-to guide to making your own simple patches, which really, is better than getting them from someone else. By designing and making the patch yourself, you are truly being a member of the DIY community.

#### What you will need:

A photocopy of an image

Transfer medium

Fabric

1) draw, paint, make or steal an image you want, and make a photocopy of it. Only ink from a photocopy machine will work, computer printer ink will not work. We have only used black and white images, but word on the street has it color should work just as well.

2) Get some transfer medium. Mod Podge glue also works. Go into your local independent craft store (or Michaels, if you are into shoplifting) and ask them for some, they'll know what you are talking about. Spread the transfer medium onto all of the image you want to show up on the patch. Spread a generous

coating. we like to add a second thin coating once the first one dries. It takes a few hours to dry, so we leave it sitting overnight.

3) Cut out the dried transfer medium covered image as big as you want the patch to be.

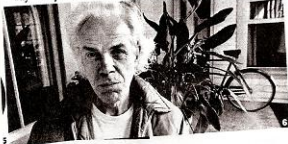
4) Add another layer of transfer medium or mod podge onto the image and press the image down onto the fabric. You can combine steps two and four by pressing the image onto the fabric right away, just make sure you use enough transfer medium. Be sure to press nice and hard to the fabric absorbs the medium. Let it dry so that now the fabric is attached to the image. You should have paper on one side and fabric on the other.

5) Once everything is dry and the image is attached to the fabric, soak it in a bowl of water for about half an hour to get the paper nice and moist. Once the paper is moist, you can use your finger to rub the paper off the transfer medium. What is left should be an image attached to the fabric; a patch.

6) up da punx.

*Work Shift*

so I've been thinking about quilting work. that's always a good thing, right? Well, the thing is, they keep training me to do more stuff, so no longer am I just a dude who moves chairs and tables around, now I work the front desk and help out when computers break and do all this other stuff. It's all good and fun, but I thought this was supposed to be a temporary job? Now my boss is telling me one of the office workers is gonna be having surgery and will be out for a few months, so they want me to get trained and take over. This includes me getting a raise. And then in a few more months, there is gonna be a full-time benefited position opening up, and since I already work there, they think id have a good chance of getting it. And that pays like 50,000 dollars a year! Along with benefits, which means getting new glasses and seeing a dentist for the first time in lord knows how long. I would seriously consider working for like another year if I was getting paid that much. Man, if I had that much money, it would be sooo long until I had to work again, and I could travel hella comfortable. Maybe if I went back to school I wouldn't have to work. Just be a full time student. And man, when is the next time I'm gonna get a job offer like that? At the same time though, I'm 25 years old. I don't expect to live much beyond 50. I want to have adventures and see the world while I'm young. Waiting another year seems like forever, especially since a bunch of kids will be leaving the 925 this year, and I will have less people to hang out with... life is full of hella hard decisions. Why can't I just win the lottery? Probably cause I don't play.





Let me tell you about a piece of public art that no longer exists in Concord. The spirit poles. These were huge aluminum toothpick type things along the middle of Concord blvd. which were commissioned by the city as art.

That's right, the city of Concord paid a bunch of money to some "artist" to put up 91 of these 50 foot tall aluminum poles along the median of a street in concord. according to the "artist" they were supposed to show "our increasing independence in an electronic age of digitized information." Since being put up they were ridiculed by everyone in concord and beyond, and those on the city council who approved the project were almost recalled because of it. After that, others, running for seats on the city council sent out flyers with pictures of the spirit poles and a message asking "had enough yet?"



They won that election.

The National Enquirer once had a contest where readers voted on the ugliest piece of public art in the nation. Concord won.

The "artist" had hopes that jasmine would grow over the poles. This never happened as the jasmine could not adhere to the poles. He also hoped that the wind would make the poles vibrate, and that would produce a kind of "singing" noise. This never happened. Eventually, the unaccounted for stress from all the vibrations from the street traffic became too much and one of these poles fell onto the street, and many others were found to have cracks. Even after this, the city was unable to take them down until they got permission from the "artist," which he only gave after the city paid him another \$75,000.

Art is dead.



Not so long ago, the city of Nut Creek experienced a strange phenomenon. A group of about 20 individuals, both men and women entered a bank downtown. This in itself may not sound all that peculiar; however the long white robes and sandaled feet made the group stand out from the other customers standing in line. Their strange appearance was nothing compared to their intents. They had no desire to cash a check or inquire about a loan. Alas, they would not even stand in line, patiently waiting to hand over their money. No, this group, with beards taped to their faces and bibles in hand began climbing the counter and tables, proclaiming the sins of industry, capitalism, war and profit. Their complete disregard for proper bank etiquette frightened and confused the tellers even more than their equations of stock investors and war criminals.

What else could happen in such an event but the police being called? As they were being beaten, the men and women attempted to explain themselves as best they could; "...And He made a scourge of cords, and drove them all out of the temple, with the sheep and the oxen; and He poured out the coins of the money changers and overturned their tables..." But it was useless, for no one understood. How could they?

And so the tellers had something to joke about for the next few days, and the police had paperwork to finish, and the paper had an article to write.

Time passed, as it always does; slower for some, faster for others, but always moving forward. And, as often happens with groups of believers, beliefs changed. And one day, a group of about 20 individuals, men and women both, entered a bank in downtown Nut Creek. This in itself was not so strange, but if one paid closer attention one would notice that the only color of dress was black. And upon even closer inspection, one would see that all the faces were hidden behind masks. But this appearance was noting compared to their intents. They had no desire to peacefully change minds. Alas, they had no pamphlet or spokesperson to send their message. For those who understood, their actions were message enough, and for those who did not understand, no amount of explaining would help.

And eventually, after calling in enough backup the police came, as is their job. But what good could they have done at this point? They, as people always do, attempted to fulfill their jobs, without giving things a second thought. But how can they ignore the message when the language used was finally their own?

No, this time they understood what was being said.